

I can feel your pulse

I accidentally rubbed onion juice into my eyes just before. I cut onions up for dinner and then forgot to wash my hands. My eyes water.

I've got benzos, usually for when I'm too sad or anxious to sleep. I don't really need them anymore, but I like to keep them in case of emergencies. I gave my last codeine medicine away right before I got a massive morning migraine.

When I went swimming the other night, a song from a TV show was replaying in my head over and over. The protagonist sings to a crowd of people, 'You ruined everything, you stupid stupid bitch'. I was crying and swimming, crying and swimming, thinking about this one thing I did that ruined everything.

I get a fright from this one kitchen cupboard that often opens and shuts on its own when it's windy. I ask you to tape it down. I have to leave the living room light on when I go to the toilet at night. I ask you to turn it off for me. I run to bed from the hallway scared that something is chasing behind me. I feel adrenaline from narrowly missing being touched by a ghost.

You tell me someone died in this house. In that room. So, I can't sleep or be in it anymore. Even though plenty of people die in plenty of houses. The bedroom door came ajar as I walked past it and it made me jump.

I stretch my legs. I cross one leg over the other. I rub my thigh. I rub my elbows. I massage my forearms. I massage the dip in my shoulder that is connected to my upper arm. I massage the dip in my elbow. I massage my wrist. I flex my wrist back and forth. I run my thumb along my fingers one by one. I have to touch my ankles and my feet.

My tummy is growling, rumbling, bubbling. My tummy doesn't like it when I lie down.

The mattress on the spare bed is bare. The curtains are open so there's light in there. I curl the blanket under my feet and use my folded elbow for a pillow. I have a device clamping my tongue down while I sleep. I have to oscillate my tongue when I wake up to remember how to talk properly again.

Your heart is beating really fast

How do you know that?

I can feel your pulse

I wish that one thing that happened that one time didn't hurt me anymore but it still does. I wish I could forget it.

I'm trying hard to yell but nothing is coming out. The stress of this causes my body to make an involuntary screech which pulls me out of my dream. You comfort me.

I'm wrestling around. I can't sleep because it's too hot and I've worn too many clothes to bed. I throw the blankets off but I'm still wriggly. I take off a layer and throw the linen off. I am suddenly really hot. I read somewhere that it's easier to sleep if your body is cool.

There isn't enough sleep for whatever this feeling is.

I had a dream that I was eating a delicious pastry. I walked to the French market and bought a pain au chocolat and a pear and caramel tart. I bought a coat and a windbreaker.

In this other dream, I had a platinum blond streak in my hair. My high school crush was there. You were in it too. It was the day after your birthday. I'd missed it. We didn't have much time together because you were going to work. There was a dog following us around. I think it was your dog.

The traffic lights come through my bedroom window and give me a free light show every morning. Green, red, dawn across the bedroom walls. I can hear cars outside which means it's time to 'be awake'.

I imagine you in the world. Waiting for a bus. Catching a bus. Going about your day. I'm still in bed.

I need coffee. I need to go to the bathroom.

When I wake up I always want to tell you what I dreamt about, but I quickly forget.